

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"On The Eve Of War (Julio César Chávez Mix)"

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Yeah... Vinnie Paz, baby

Yeah... yeah... yeah

This is raw, all across the board, Liquid Sword Chamber

If it's coming from my jaw, then it's pure anger

Heavy metal rap, with a four four banger

We can settle that, let the mic cord hang ya

I play homage to the best of them, like Christopher Wallace

And bring drama to the rest of 'em, with biscuits from coppers

I'm with Allah justice, and we raw gritty

Picture hell, Illadel' to New York City

I brought a four with me, we can capture the ring

And now we more merciless than the Statue of Ming

And y'all more purposeless than a pacifist king

You gon' die, like a brawl with a gat in the Bing

It's a passionate thing, the way we make classics

Genuine brilliance or innate madness

Yeah, we all spin on the same axis

And this chrome thing here, leave your frame backless

The police always try'na aim flame at us

So I don't mind when the pig brain splatters

I don't mind, that we all gon' die soon

I return to the silence of God's tomb

*[GZA:]*

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'

My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed

Wannabe MC's is shakin'

So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'

My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed

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So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

I don't believe what I'm seeing, I don't believe it

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time

We ask you to please rise (you'll never quit

No one will ever get it, there's no thing quit)

Imagine a rhyme in it's prime, from off the baselines

Skyscraper verticals, support the hang time

Evidence that was left at the scene of the crime

Trace back to a few, from out a group of nine

Who performed well, regardless to the price of the tickets

Off or onstage, whatever, still kick it

With the footwork, of Freddie Adu, it's all new

Now the rap commissioners, they wanna clone my shoe

But the road's narrow, and it's difficult to climb

With the heat, the wind and the fallen rocks combined

It's hard to stay in line, the course is an obstacle

Within each chamber, the force is unstoppable  
Lyrical swordsman, blades sharp, I cut out your heart  
M.C.'s want no part, in any type of conflict  
Because then I respond quick, it gets thick  
The problem goes beyond sick

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'  
My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed  
Wannabe MC's is shakin'  
So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed  
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*[Vinnie Paz:]*

(Wearin' red trunks with silver trim, fightin' outta Philadelphia, Pennsylvania)  
This is how we do (His game is tight, and there's nothing to do)  
Pazmanian Devil, Frank Vinatra, Jedi Mind, Wu-Tang  
What's the deal, baby? GZA/Genius, Stoupe on the track, yeah  
My man Stoupe on the boards

Those who dare oppose us shall stand knee deep in the blood of their children  
Is that he who follows the pleasure of Allah  
Like him who has made himself deserving of displeasure from Allah  
And his abode in Hell, and it is an evil destination...)